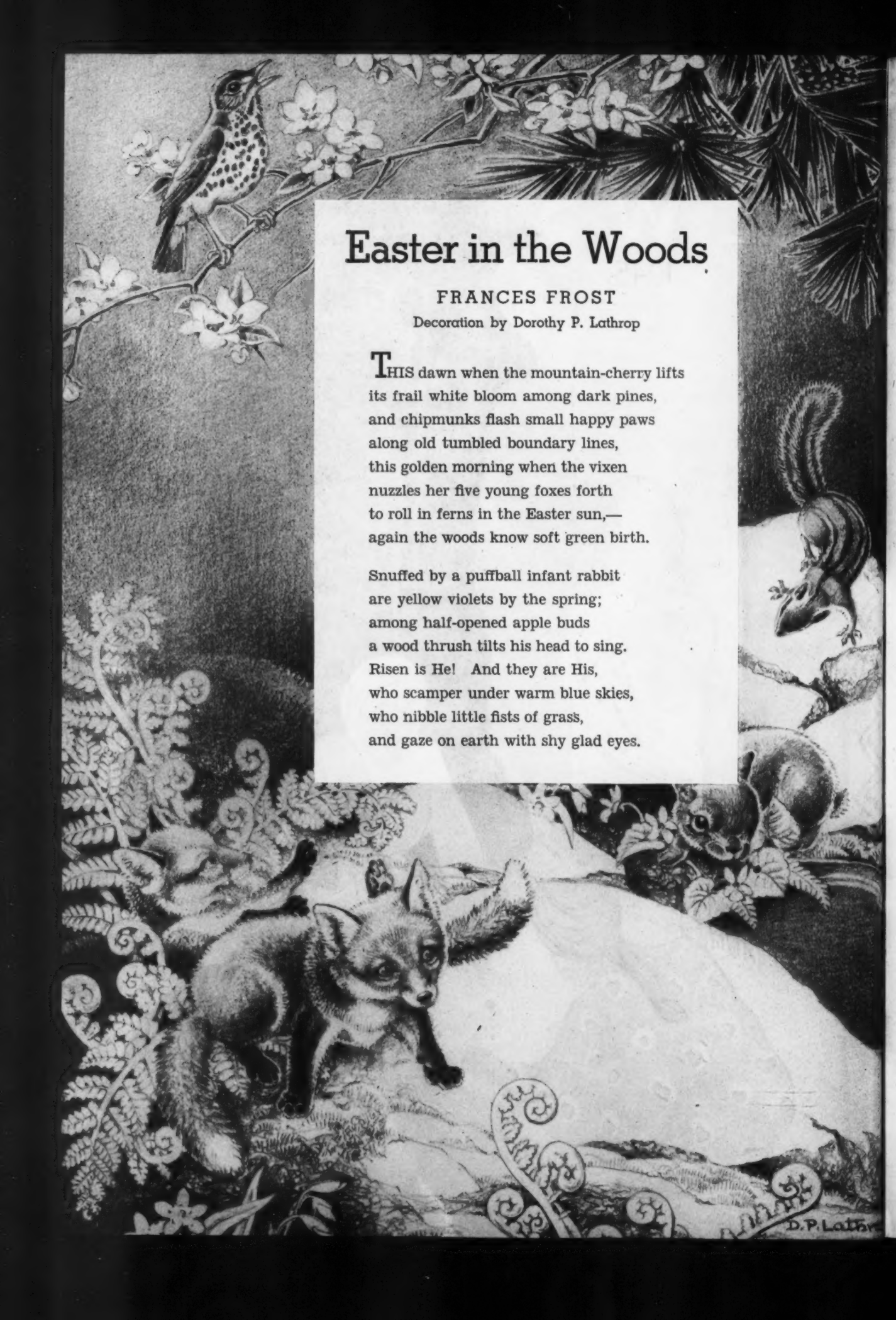


American Junior Red Cross NEWS

April 1945





Easter in the Woods

FRANCES FROST

Decoration by Dorothy P. Lathrop

THIS dawn when the mountain-cherry lifts
its frail white bloom among dark pines,
and chipmunks flash small happy paws
along old tumbled boundary lines,
this golden morning when the vixen
nuzzles her five young foxes forth
to roll in ferns in the Easter sun,—
again the woods know soft green birth.

Snuffed by a puffball infant rabbit
are yellow violets by the spring;
among half-opened apple buds
a wood thrush tilts his head to sing.
Risen is He! And they are His,
who scamper under warm blue skies,
who nibble little fists of grass,
and gaze on earth with shy glad eyes.

D.P. Lathrop

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

April • 1945

Dark Rivers

VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN

Illustration by Helene Carter

THINK of a wide expanse of dark water, miles wide. It looks like a lake. But it is merely the curl of a river as it bends, like a serpent, through the dark aisles of the jungle. This is only a branch of the Amazon, the river that is 3,000 miles long, a river so great and so deep that ocean liners can steam up 2,000 miles from its mouth to carry down to the sea the wealth of its jungle. The Amazon is really a whole system of rivers winding through the jungle forest.

On the surface these dark rivers seem lifeless. But like the arteries of the human body, they are filled with teeming life. There are hundreds of different kinds of fish in them, from the smallest to the greatest. All live in that semidark world of the jungle rivers. Actually the Amazon's rivers are a crowded aquarium. Here is to be found a powerful freshwater fish, eight feet long, which is clad like a knight in ornamental coat-of-mail. And there is the spotted catfish, and the long, slender needle-fish.

There are also the *piránhas* (pronounced pi-rahn'-yas). *Piránhas* are the "sharks" of the Amazon. You would not believe that a short, stout fish, only ten inches or so long could be so ferocious. But look at its teeth and you can see why. Both its jaws are terrify-

ingly equipped with triangular teeth as sharp as needles. A drop of blood in the water, a morsel of flesh, and instantly the dark waters are alive with schools of *piránhas*. Terrible is the agony of the wounded animal that seeks cover in the dark rivers. The *piránhas* will get it.

Besides these savage fish, there are the crocodiles and the caimans. These huge reptiles are partly of the shore and partly of the river. Except for their size, they have changed little since prehistoric times. When the dinosaurs roamed the earth, crocodiles, according to the fossils, were twenty to thirty feet long. Now they are only ten to twelve feet long. But a twelve-foot monster—twice as long as a six-foot man—is still quite big enough. They are the masters of the jungle rivers. They like to sun themselves on the small beaches of the Amazon. The banks teem with them. And the dark rivers know them as they quietly slip through the water to attack any living thing that comes their way.

We can only surmise what goes on in those dark rivers. For not only are there the giant alligators, but there are also sting rays and electric eels, to make life for the fish and small mammals a ceaseless struggle. The sting ray is a sort of swimming blanket with a terrible

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sting near the base of its long tail. It lies flat on the bottom of the dark river and waits. Its flatness and dark color makes it fit in well with the muddy river bottom. Let a fish or an animal pass by, and up goes the poisoned sting.

The sting ray shares the rivers with the electric eels. These eels catch their prey by shocking them with electric organs carried about three-fourths the length of their snake-like bodies. They are not really eels at all but are related to catfish. They are three to even seven feet long with repulsive heads, strong jaws and sharp teeth. Like the sting rays, they rest quietly on the bottom of the swamps until they hear something swimming or walking by. Then they convulse their body and send out electric shocks that may be felt within fifty feet. The greatest shock is given, however, when the head and tail of the eel are both touching the body of the prey. With its prey numbed, the eel then eats it.

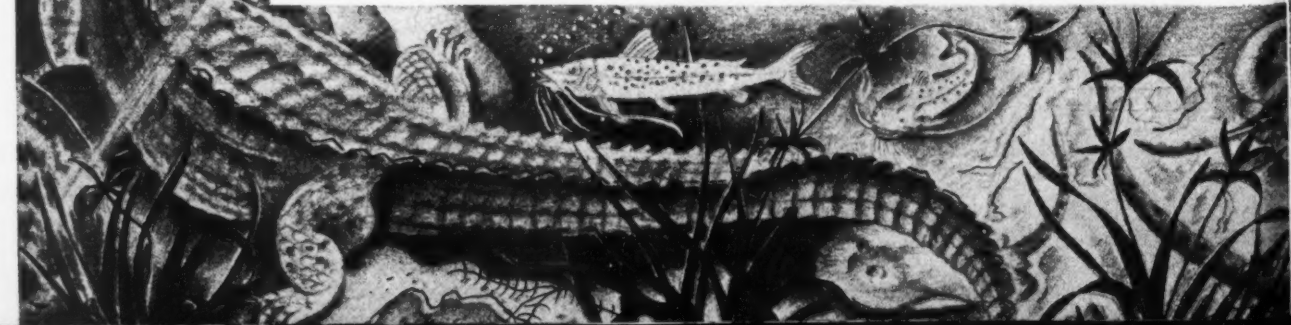
We know by now that the dark river arteries of the jungle are alive. But your eyes would pop out of your head if you could sit


in a canoe and see a giant boa or anaconda coming from beneath the water. This snake lives a good part of its time in the Amazonic rivers, and it can swallow, at one sitting, an entire calf. Picture the dark surface of a river. Nothing moves except the slow current of the river moving to the sea. The shores are lined with great trees, roots awash from the black soil. There is a smell of black, damp earth. The parapets of the jungle are broken only by the dark, winding river. Then, near to shore, the dark water parts and out of it comes a snake's head larger than you could circle with both arms. Slowly it goes to land, taking two minutes to get all of its huge twenty-five-foot body on the beach head.

Many other animals and reptiles make the dark rivers of the Amazon basin their home. There are numerous river turtles. You cannot realize how many there really are until you see the thousands of eggs that they bury in the sand each year. Each nest, of which there are thousands upon thousands, contains more than twenty-five eggs. These eggs are left in the sand to hatch. Within a few weeks, the sands along the rivers crack, and out walk the little river turtles. They run for the dark water, where they will be safe—that is, if they do not run into giant fish, electric eels and sting rays. And should they escape all other dangers, they may run into another, more formidable than all fish. This is the river dolphin.

You remember when you are voyaging on the ocean that suddenly, without warning, the sea may become alive with jumping bodies, and soon you will see sleek dolphins swimming to the front of the ship. And no matter how fast the ship goes, the dolphins will swim in circles about it. "The friend of the sailors," they say of the dolphins, for these sea animals are the enemies of sharks. They live not only in the sea, but also in the river. In the

Dwellers of the Dark River (descending from upper left): Sea cow, piranhas.





Amazon they swim 2,000 miles upstream. The dolphin, like the whale, is a mammal. It has lungs, breathes as do other mammals, and the female has only one young one at a time. But even in the freshwater sea—as the Amazon is sometimes called—the dolphins make their gambols through the air and water as they do at sea. Here they splash the canoes of the Indians who believe that the dolphin is a form of the devil. Nothing will induce Indians to kill one. They believe that oil from the body of a dolphin would blind them if burned.

The dolphin is not the only mammal that lives in the arteries of the jungle. There lives beside it, but in a very different way, the manatee, or sea cow. To say that the manatee, with its ugly face and sea lion body, looks like a mermaid asks too much of the imagination. Yet, that is what the early explorers really thought the manatee was. The grayish body is long—about seven feet—and definitely seal-like in shape and construction. The whole rear end is modified into one large flipper, which is round and like a paddle. Its face, which is somewhat like that of a hornless cow, is shapeless and unlike any other that exists. The long upper lip, which it uses to draw in river grass, is covered with bristle, it has no external ears, and its eyes are small.

The sea cow is a very timid and harmless animal. So far as all records go, it kills nothing. Yet it is the most hunted animal in the river arteries of our jungle zoo. The Indians are always seeking the manatee, for its flesh is delicious and its hide is as strong as any other leather in the forest. A manatee will supply oil and food for a whole community. So, since man has come to the South American zoo, the manatee has had to become an expert in eluding pursuers.

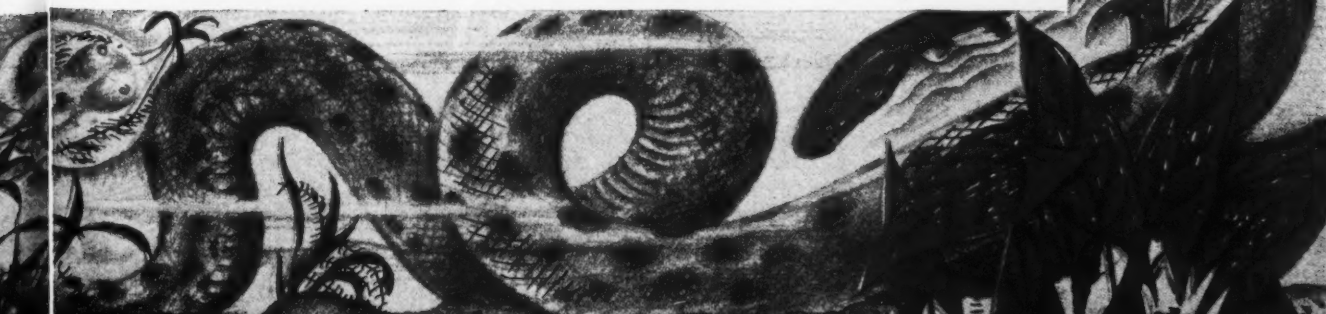
Fortunately it has excellent hearing. The moment anything unusual strikes its ear, it

sinks to the bottom of the river or lagoon, throws up a cloud of mud from the bottom and then disappears in the confusion.

It gives birth to one little sea calf at a time, and this it holds to nurse at its breast just as human mothers do. We do not know too much about the ancient history of the manatees. Yet they are found in the rivers of Florida, all along the coast of South America and into the lagoons and far up the Amazon.

Not all of the Amazon tributaries have been thoroughly explored yet. Two years ago a band of 100 daring Brazilians set out to explore the Rio Tapajoz and the Rio Xingu; those men are still tracing the rivers to their meeting point with the Amazon. They are going through country filled with snakes, armadillos, alligators, panthers and the tamandua, a giant ant-eating bear with a head and a neck like a horse. Some of the Indians they are meeting are friendly; others are hostile. Two-way radios keep the explorers in touch with the outside world. Their discoveries will mean much to the future of Brazil.

s, crocodile, spotted catfish, sting rays, boa, needlefish, electric eel, dolphin



Amazon Epic

MARY ELIZABETH BRUNER

IN 1942 the armies of Japan seized parts of southern Asia and the South Pacific islands, and the priceless rubber and quinine-giving cinchona tree plantations there were cut off from the United Nations. But rubber was more urgently needed than ever for tires on tanks and planes, for lifeboats and hundreds of other wartime necessities. Quinine was needed to protect the health of our fighting men who were even then being rushed to malaria-infested islands. Where could these important materials be found?

The Amazon River valley was the immediate answer to the problem. Wild rubber had always grown in the great forests along the river. The modern city of Manáos, Brazil, a thousand miles upstream, grew out of a rubber boom about 1912. In 1942 the task of getting rubber from the Amazon valley was begun again; it was not an easy one. It meant hacking trails to scattered rubber trees, tapping the trees, preparing and shipping the rubber to manufacturing points. It meant providing transportation, food, shelter for thousands of employees. It meant especially war on the malaria-carrying mosquito.

Soon the tropical forests were teeming with activity. The airplane supplemented boats, the only other form of transportation in the Amazon River basin. Workers, scientists, supplies came from both North and South America. The great project got under way.

The output of rubber was small that first year. Mistakes were made. The undertaking proved costly. But gradually the enterprise began to move smoothly. About 40,000 tons will come out of the Amazon country in 1945.

Although this is only a portion of the 700,000 tons once imported from the Orient, every little bit helps.

Meanwhile, in the United States, scientists, driven by the urgency of war, ventured on another frontier. Synthetic rubber was a possibility; work and research and experiments finally produced it. But synthetic rubber must have natural rubber as an ingredient, and part of the rubber from Brazil serves this purpose.

In the steaming lowlands of the Amazon, malaria menaced not only the people but the whole rubber project. When the rubber tapper became sick, the precious milky fluid that oozes from the rubber tree was wasted. When a clerk was laid out, a bill of lading remained unmade. Work slowed up all along the line.

So the battle against malaria started. Doctors, nurses, scientists made up this humane army. The city of Belém at the mouth of the Amazon became the central laboratory. A chain of malaria control posts reached inland, up the Amazon and her tributaries, into Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. Hospitals were built; floating dispensaries traveled up and down the Amazon. Often doctors, lacking other means of conveyance, reached their patients by plane. Swamps were sprayed with crude oil to kill mosquito larvae. Atabrine, a quinine substitute, was distributed. Planes flew over dense jungles never seen by white men before to spot scattered cinchona trees. But, most wonderful of all, two young American scientists discovered how to make synthetic quinine. Man-made quinine may soon be marketed.

Thus the development of rubber and malaria control in the Western Hemisphere met a crisis for the United Nations in World War II and opened far-reaching vistas for the future. Better living will result not only in the Americas but all over the world.

THIS ARTICLE IS BASED ON REPORTS FROM THE OFFICE OF THE COORDINATOR OF INTER-AMERICAN AFFAIRS



War on malaria, Belém, Brazil: Left, workers of Special Public Health Service spray crude oil on water holes to kill mosquito larvae. Right, engineers build flood-gate to prevent tidewater from forming mosquito-breeding swamps. Protecting health of workers insures flow of products needed in the war



C. I. A. A. PHOTOS

Bitter Treasure

EVELYN STRONG

"I LIKE TO LOOK on plants as sentient beings, which live and enjoy their lives," wrote Richard Spruce, botanist, explorer and naturalist, who was born in Wellburn, Yorkshire, England, September 10, 1817.

By the time he was sixteen, Richard Spruce had made a list of all the plants in the neighborhood. When he was twenty-one, he had discovered a new plant—a rare sedge—and a new moss.

In 1841, a magazine for botanists and plant lovers, called "The Phytologist," was started. Spruce's articles in it led to correspondence with botanists all over the world. Indeed Richard Spruce would have liked nothing better than to give his whole time to botany.

He got his chance when he sailed for Para, Brazil, in June 1849. He was sponsored by the best botanical authorities, Mr. George Benthham and Sir William Hooker, to whom he was to send his botanical trophies for exhibition at Kew Gardens in London.

The Brazil of those days was not at all the progressive country it is now becoming. Travel was by the great rivers, and settlements were mainly along their banks. Right behind them the jungle began, with its wild animals and wild inhabitants. Slavery still existed, and life was very primitive. Into these wilds went Spruce, knowing nothing of woodcraft, or boats, nothing of hunting and fishing. He had, however, taught himself both Spanish and Portuguese, and in the course of time he learned three Indian dialects. They saved his life later on.

Sometimes there were white settlers along the river—Portuguese owning large estates, occasionally British, Scotch and Italian planters, or businessmen. Spruce was in luck for he could stay with them. Otherwise, he had to carry his own provisions consisting mostly of manioca (tapioca) and dried fish, as well as such fresh fish or game as his Indian helpers caught for him.

He traveled in a *piragua*, a sort of large canoe with Indian paddlers. There was a small cabin with two windows and a door that could be padlocked. In this was a sorting table for the plants, and a low stool for Spruce to sit on. And he could watch the riverbanks through door and windows. At night he often



Drawing in album from Junior Red Cross of Ecuador showing cinchona trees cut for quinine contained in the bark

slept out on deck, admiring the stars reflected in the dark waters.

Navigation was very dangerous. There were hairpin loops and turns, and no one knew what might be around these bends. Large floating islands of tough water-logged grasses drifting downstream were a constant menace. A head-on collision with one of these would mean destruction of the *piragua*, and loss of the precious specimens. It was for these Spruce feared, rather than for his own life.

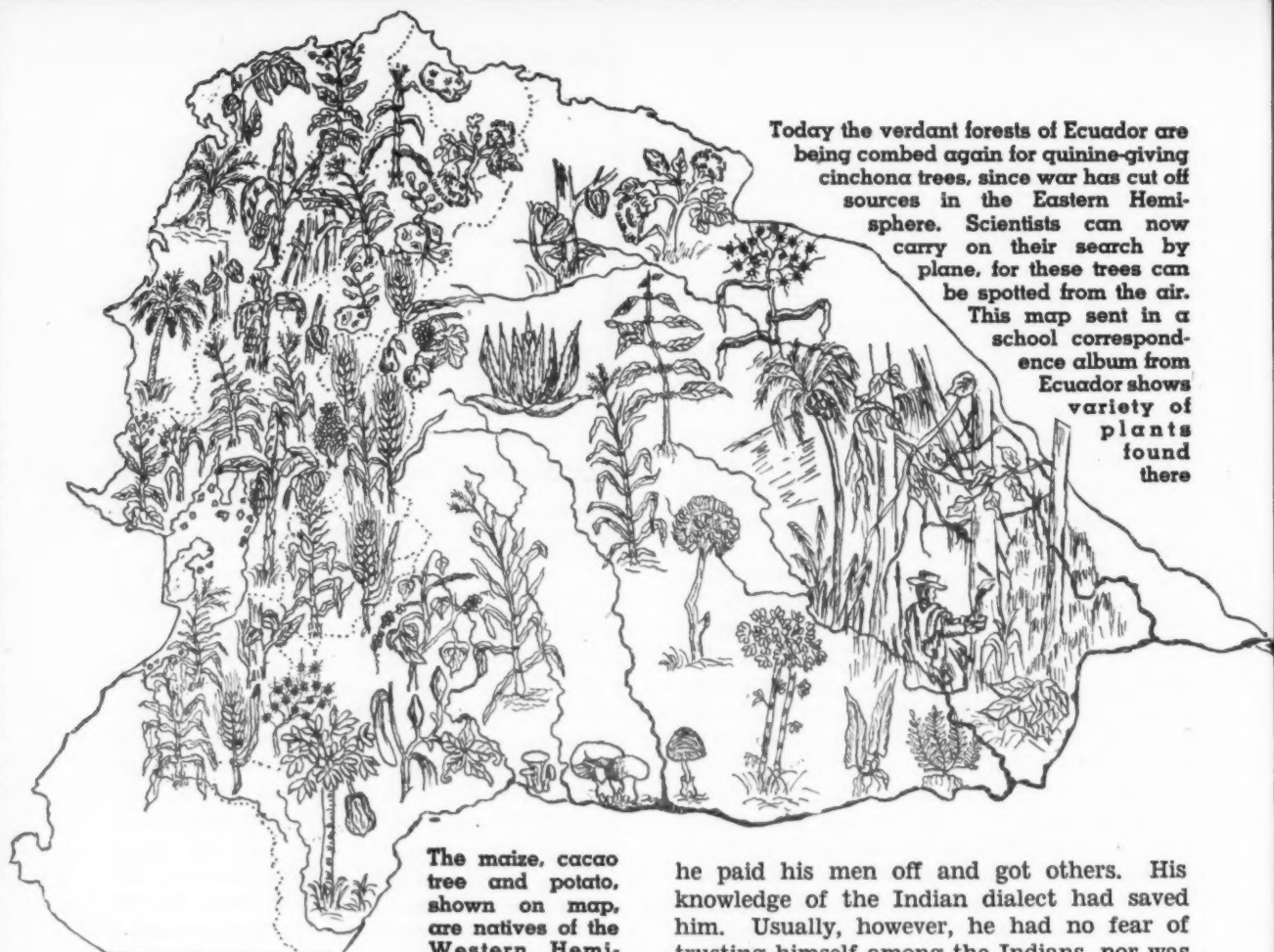
More dangerous than the floating islands were rapids. Sometimes the Indians went ashore and dragged the *piragua* over the falls by tough vines, and Spruce's life depended on whether these lianas held. Once, he had to paddle stern and steer the craft. Later he overheard one Indian say to another:

"That foreigner knows nothing. Did you see how he held the paddle? I don't believe he could even kill fish with a bow and arrow." As any native child of seven or eight could catch fish enough for supper with a bow and arrow, this fully expressed the Indian's scorn.

Spruce visited a large estate, whose owner, a Portuguese woman, received him most hospitably. But when he explained the purpose of his expedition to her she couldn't believe that a man should come so far merely to collect plants.

"I know why you are here, *Senhor*. You are collecting patterns for those who make dress goods. You are an Englishman; therefore, you make cottons. In England all these plants of my country will be painted on calico. Be sure to send me every design."

Spruce really loved the hard and dangerous life he led. In time he learned woodcraft from the Indians. He learned to mark a forest trail by cutting or breaking branches half through,



Today the verdant forests of Ecuador are being combed again for quinine-giving cinchona trees, since war has cut off sources in the Eastern Hemisphere. Scientists can now carry on their search by plane, for these trees can be spotted from the air. This map sent in a school correspondence album from Ecuador shows variety of plants found there

The maize, cacao tree and potato, shown on map, are natives of the Western Hemisphere

bending them always in the direction in which he was going. Sometimes he was lost in the forests, but he did not become panicky. Seeking a clearing, he would plot his course by the sun and always managed to return safely to camp.

In the first half dozen years of his life in South America when he explored the Amazon and its tributaries, Spruce had many narrow escapes from death. One night he overheard his Indians around the campfire plotting to murder him. They said:

"Let us kill him and divide his goods. No questions will be asked about what became of him."

Spruce thought quickly. He stole out of his hammock, apparently toward the forest. Then he turned and ran for the canoe, where he locked himself into the cabin. All night he sat with his gun across his knees and a cutlass by his side, but the Indians did not attack. In the morning, Spruce, still heavily armed, ordered an early start, and before nightfall they had reached a settlement. Here

he paid his men off and got others. His knowledge of the Indian dialect had saved him. Usually, however, he had no fear of trusting himself among the Indians, nor was his trust in them misplaced.

For five years Spruce voyaged on the Amazon and its tributaries, then he crossed into Venezuela. In that time he had gone where no white man before him had ever penetrated. He had sent thousands of plant specimens home and had made maps of the regions he traversed and sketches of the native tribes. He had also compiled vocabularies of five Indian tongues. It would be fascinating to follow his adventures in Venezuela, yet all this was only a prelude to the real work that made him remembered. This was the quest for the cinchona tree, whose bark contained the bitter treasure of quinine, savior of malaria sufferers.

At that time, all quinine came from South America, from trees growing wild in the forests on the slopes of the Andes. But this supply was very uncertain, and owing to ruthless destruction of the trees, there was serious danger that it might become exhausted. In 1860, the government of British India commissioned Richard Spruce to obtain cuttings and seeds to be transplanted in India.

These "red bark trees" as they were called,

grew 2,450 feet above sea level. According to Spruce, "the cinchona is a very handsome tree, and in looking over the forest I could never see any other tree at all comparable to it for beauty." The precious quinine was contained in the bark, which had to be removed from the tree in alternating strips, so as not to injure a growing layer. One year was required after that to form another layer of bark that was even richer in quinine than the one stripped off. At eight years of age the tree was in its prime, and the yield increased up to eleven years.

When Spruce was asked by the Indian government to undertake the gathering of seeds and slips, he was tempted to refuse. His health was very poor, rheumatism doubled him over. Still the old spirit of adventure flamed up in him, and he agreed to go.

As assistant he was given a botanist sent out from England, a Dr. Taylor. The "red bark forests" were mainly in Ecuador on the slopes of Mount Chimborazo. Spruce paid the government of Ecuador \$400 and in return was allowed to take out as many plants and seeds as he liked. But this was far from being as simple as it sounds.

A revolution had broken out in the country. Armies came pouring over the Andes down into the valleys, while other armies were sent up to meet them. They clashed halfway up the mountains right around the territory Spruce had to cover.

The war made it almost impossible to obtain supplies, pack animals, or labor. It was true that the Indians were not drafted by the army, but they were seized to carry the mails and for other purposes, so they hid in the deep forests.

Most men would have given up in despair, or would at least have waited until the war was over. Not so Spruce. He had a task to perform and he did it. Failure never entered his head, although he could sit his horse for only an hour or two at a time, and often he had to be carried in a litter slung from poles, resting on the shoulders of native bearers.

They used bulls as pack animals, as they were supposed to be more sure-footed even than mules. Provisions had to be carried in sacks so small that two of them placed on the animal's back did not project over its sides. This was because the trails were so narrow and slippery. Sometimes men as well as beasts had to go on all fours, inching their way forward. When the caravan halted for the night and the animals were turned loose,

they often fought, and the Indians, who enjoyed an impromptu bullfight, could hardly be induced to separate them.

In the face of all these obstacles, Spruce and his men by almost superhuman efforts reached the forests and began collecting seeds and cuttings. He wanted to set out the slips in cucumber frames, but glass was unobtainable, so he had frames made of palm fronds with thin strips of palm leaves fastened over the top. He also used bamboo buckets for his cuttings.

The weather was bad, with constant thunderstorms and heavy mists that made it difficult to stir from camp. Disease attacked the cuttings, many of them died and had to be replaced. Then came caterpillars with a voracious appetite for cinchona seedlings, so that Spruce and Dr. Taylor literally had to sit up nights watching and tending their precious charges.

The seed capsules, each containing about 40 seeds, were gathered in August. Spruce finally collected about 100,000 well-ripened and well-dried seeds.

At last the war stopped, and communication with Guayaquil down on the coast was re-established. Spruce's plants—637 of them—were packed in wet moss, each plant individually, and placed in cases. In November 1860, the return journey started. It was timed so as to catch a British freighter leaving Guayaquil the end of December, en route for the Far East.

Most of the trip back to the coast was made by river raft. This, although it was easier than by pack animals, had its own perils. The raft was made of logs lashed together with strong lianas, the native vine. But the river rose and fell suddenly. A constant watch had to be kept, as the raft might be left high and dry one moment, or carried away by a raging torrent the next.

One day on making a sudden turn, the raft crashed headlong into a tangled mass of branches that overhung the water. No one was prepared for the terrific impact of this collision. The cabin was stove in, its roof splintered like matchwood, while the precious cases containing seeds and plants broke loose from their moorings and did a wild dance pell-mell around the interior of the cabin.

Spruce, who could barely hobble around with a stick, had been resting on deck. He leapt into action and worked like a madman. Fortunately not a case was broken. They

(Continued on page 156)

A Brahmin School in India

BERTA METZGER

Illustrations by Nina Moses

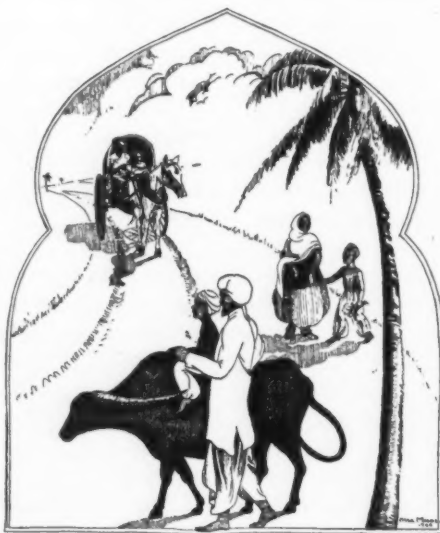
WHEN I ARRIVED in Bombay, it was much too warm for comfort, so I decided to go to the cooler uplands of Poona, a city of many schools and colleges. Here I spent several months in a school run by a Brahmin gentleman and his wife. According to the old order of India, the Brahmins are the teachers and guardians of the sacred knowledge.

My baggage and I arrived just at teatime. The school was a big one-story house set back among trees and shrubbery. The wide porches reminded me of the wings of a sitting hen—and they were always hovering over children: children studying, children playing, children sleeping. The large, gray-haired school-master met me. In his deep, kind voice he welcomed me in perfect English. His wife came to greet me. She was a dignified woman in a purple *sari*, the dress of the Indian woman. She had enormous hazel eyes. Her hair was parted in the middle and pulled back tightly into a low knot, around which she wore a crescent of fragrant flowers. In her pierced ears were small earrings; on her bare feet were sandals.

My host and hostess led me through the porch and living room to the huge dining room. Around a long table sat boys and girls of different ages and with them were two teachers. They were all chatting happily as they had afternoon "tea" of cakes and fruit juice.

I was seated at the table with the teachers and some of the older students. All spoke some English. Most of the Indians, I grieve to say, found my American-English very difficult to understand.

After tea my hostess took me onto a side porch to watch the children at play. A tall, freckled boy, whom I soon learned was a leader and a comedian as well, had a stick in



Pupils came escorted by turbaned servants

hand and was marking off a great rectangle on the bare ground. Boys with sprinklers were following him and making a wide wet mark as the outline for the game. Then the rectangle had to be divided according to measurements which it took time and argument for the boys to decide upon. At last the ground was properly watermarked, and two leaders chose sides. The boys and girls were soon laughing and panting as they played the ancient

"Catch-me-if-you-can" game of "Atapata." At last, tiring of "Atapata," some of the boys went for rides on their bicycles; some of the boys and girls played other games; some of them read; some of them studied.

After dinner, one of the little girls, Raddha, decided to show me some games on her slate. As she beat me at game after game, she and the other children rocked their heads with delight. On the floor near us some little boys were playing marbles, and I saw that instead of shooting marbles as we do, the boys held their fingers up over the thumb, placed the marble on the thumbs, and using the middle finger to shoot with, scooted the marble off the thumb. And they were expert players.

Just before bedtime the master called the children outside. They hurried out carrying chairs or stools, for they knew this meant "stories." In pity for the American who was so poor in languages, the stories were told in English. Here under the stars we heard gay stories, sad stories. Some were about greedy men and women; foolish men and women. But in every story the good people were rewarded, and the wicked were punished.

At bedtime the children scampered quietly off to bed. I went to my room off the side porch. The only furniture was an iron bedstead, and as I crawled in under the mosquito net, I thought sleepily and contentedly of the

friendliness of life in an Indian school.

The next morning, the sun was staring in at me when I awoke. In the room and bath-room adjoining mine, the girls of the school were busily getting ready for the day. A maid helped the younger girls, and the older girls helped the younger ones and each other. The older girls wore *saris*, the younger ones wore close-fitting little bodices, and long full skirts. All wore long braids, and sandals on bare feet. On the other side of the house, the boys were putting on clean white shirts, wrap-around trousers of white cotton and sandals.

Raddha came in to call me, and stayed to show me some Indian setting-up exercises. After breakfast, the boarders had a little time to study before the day pupils began to arrive. Some came in carriages, some in carts, some came walking with turbaned servants. One child was even brought by her father in an automobile.

The opening ceremony of the school was a song led by the schoolmistress, who looked like a beautiful statue standing in the wide doorway. The children stood in long lines on each side of her, and they sang a song of love and hope for India. Then began the work of the day, and the wide porches, the big dining room, the living room, the cottages outside the big house were soon alive with children reading, children drawing, children working problems on blackboards, slates or paper.

At noon, all of the pupils ate at the school. The big tables were crowded. The walls were lined with children seated on cushions with low tables in front of them. The dishes were beautiful brass bowls and plates. There were no knives, forks or spoons, and the children

used the right hand only. But the awkward American was always given spoon and fork. As Brahmins do not eat meat because they do not believe in taking life, the food was entirely vegetarian. It was delicious and very satisfying except for the pepper. Many a time I took a spoonful of soup, and felt it going down my throat like fire. Even thin cakes sometimes had pepper in them. At the end of the meal, there is rice with curdled buffalo milk served on it. This is soothing on those fire-paths of pepper.

Every afternoon the singing teacher came with the little harmonium which he carried

around as one does a typewriter. He sat down on a rug, the children gathered around him, and soon they were singing to his playing.

Late in the afternoon I went to the city and bought myself a bicycle and rode out to one of the colleges where it was arranged that I could study and read as much as I liked. As I rode back to the school, I was the object of much interest, for while boys ride bicycles, it was not considered ladylike for girls to do so. But nevertheless, I found that several of the women and girls knew how to ride.

As the days flew past, I came to know many of the children very well. As far as I could see, they were no different from the children of America. The boys were interested in airplanes and machinery; the girls in flowers, in singing and sewing. Many of them asked me about the United States, and they knew far more about it than the average child of America knows about India.

At first I thought these children were almost too good, but when the master and mis-



The Brahmin schoolmaster told us stories under the stars

tress were away for several days, the children became very noisy and gay. But our headmistress had only to pass softly through a room to quiet them. I do not remember that she ever spoke sharply to anyone.

I soon learned that there was one bad boy in the school. Like bad boys the world over, he pulled the girls' hair, threw stones at birds, tossed toys and knives into the fishpond. He was the son of an old man who had married a very young girl. Neither of them knew how to manage children. This child was their oldest and they had brought him to the "Temple of Children" to be educated and civilized.

One strong, likable boy of about twelve was often lying on a couch, face downward, with an open book before him, singing off poetry. The freckled boy was always surrounded by children and grown people, for he was full of laughter and entertainment. At the school parties, he would always appear on the programs two or three times. His favorite role was that of an old Mohammedan in Turkish

fez with its tassel always getting in his eyes. Though I could not understand a word he said, I could not keep from laughing.

During the Christmas holidays, all of us who were left at the school went on a tour in a big bus. We stayed overnight at a Hindu Temple at the foot of a mountain, and in the morning we climbed the mountain to the old fort of Shivaji, a great hero of the Hindus. We visited a glass factory owned by a group of Brahmin brothers, although Brahmins are not supposed to be in business at all. We visited an iron factory owned by a grand old man whose life is as interesting as our own Edison's. We visited a great dam where water, so precious in India, is stored and used for industries. And more friendly, wide-awake people, you will never find than these hosts of ours at these different places.

When I had to leave India, you may be sure that I did not want to go, and now I look back on my stay in that most interesting country with the greatest pleasure.

A GREETING FROM INDIA

The following message came in a school correspondence album sent from Kundannal Girls High School in Hyderabad, India, to the Junior High School in Great Falls, Montana:

"We are delighted to get your beautiful card giving a nice thought for the Eastertide. May God bless all the Juniors of all the nations to promote the feeling of peace and goodwill among each other! We are sending you a 'Diwali Festival' card which we hope you will like. The Diwali or Feast of Lamps is a great time of rejoicing and worshipping among the Hindus. At this festival the houses are cleaned and adorned by day and illuminated by night. The first day celebrates the triumph of Lord Krishna over Narakar, and the

victory of good over evil. The music of drum and bagpipes and the sound of fireworks are heard in towns and villages, and the poorest find some means of marking this time as one of joy and gladness.

"In the big cities the illumination of every house with numbers of tiny lights makes a sight worth seeing, and the streets are densely crowded with thousands of spectators moving quietly along and enjoying the scene." The Diwali card read as follows: "May the Diwali Festival bring thee prosperity and health of mind and body. May this sweet festival come again and again! May we, all the children, make merriment, and keep the light of love burning in every home!"

Bitter Treasure

(Continued from page 153)

were all made fast again, and the raft continued on its headlong course downstream.

The cases reached Guayaquil in time to be loaded on board the freighter. Spruce's work was done. He could rest. Then a firm in Guayaquil, in which he had invested most of his savings, failed. After years of work he was practically penniless.

In 1864, Spruce returned to England, which he had not seen for fifteen years. The rest of his life he spent in a Yorkshire village near his birthplace.

Friends obtained a small government pension for the man to whom the country owed

so much—one of the greatest botanists who ever lived. Spruce wrote papers, articles and a great work of six hundred pages on plants of the Amazon and the Andes.

Spruce's cuttings arrived safely, and all the seeds sprouted. But the place selected for their cultivation—the Indian upland—was too cool and dry. They did not thrive. Borneo and the Federated Malay States were found to be ideal, however, for the cinchona tree, and the Dutch later cultivated it on such a tremendous scale that they were supplying about ninety per cent of the world's quinine when the Japanese struck.

However, nothing can detract from the fame of Richard Spruce, who in the face of unbelievable odds brought the "bitter treasure" out of the Andean forests.

Mr. Songcatcher Comes By

MAY JUSTUS

Illustrations by Iantha Armstrong

THE PENNYBACKERS were planting corn.

Pappy Pennybacker, behind his plow, was laying off the rows.

Mammy Pennybacker was dropping the corn.

Rufe followed his mother, covering each shining grain with his hoe.

He was glad that this was yellow corn that they were planting. It showed up plainer than the white in the rooty, rocky rows of their newly cleared field.

Cling — clang — cling — clang went Rufe's hoe as it struck against a stone, making a sort of music to the old planting rhyme that was running in Rufe's head. As he went on covering corn he began to hum it:

“One for the cutworm—
One for the crow—
One for the field mouse—
One to grow”

Four grains of corn to a hill: Rufe always counted so he wouldn't miss one by a hap-penstance.

All of a sudden he looked up and saw that Pappy and Mammy had stopped at the edge of the field to rest and get a drink out of the water jug.

Rufe hurried to finish his row and catch up with them. That water jug looked good. *Cling—clang* went his hoe.

“One—two—three—four,” he counted. He was paying so much attention to his work that he didn't see the man come riding up the hollow. But when he heard Pappy yell, “It's Brother Rufus!” Rufe dropped his hoe in a hurry. A man on a mule was riding up



Rufe was so busy, he didn't see the stranger come riding up the hollow

the trail. Rufe looked at him closely, tossing his tow-colored forelock back, and squinting his eyes against the sun.

All of a sudden he caught his breath in a sighful manner.

“It's Rowdy, Uncle Rufe's mule—but the man isn't Uncle Rufe!”

There was a moment's silence then as the Pennybackers stared with keen, curious eyes.

“Bats and bullfrogs!” Pappy muttered. “The boy's right. Somebody else is riding Brother Rufe's mule.”

“Mercy upon us!” Mammy sighed. “I

hope it means no trouble has happened to any of the kinfolk on Yon Side.”

“Amen!” said Pappy in a sobersome voice.

Rufe said nothing. He couldn't speak for disappointment. When Uncle Rufus came from Yon Side, he always brought a present to Rufe who was his namesake.

“Look in my saddlebag!” he would say as soon as he had howdied everyone.

There was always something new in the saddlebag: a gift for Rufe—a namesake gift, as Uncle Rufus called it.

Rufe smiled as he remembered certain of the treasures which Uncle Rufus had given him: a popgun fashioned from a hollow cane; a top whittled from a pine knot; a goose-quill whistle; a pair of rabbitskin mittens.

Yes, he was always glad to see Uncle Rufus. But who could this strange man be?

“Bats and bullfrogs!” Pappy cried. “He looks like an outlander man. He's got on a store-boughten suit o' clothes, sure as shootin'! A new-fangled hat, too, I vow and declare.”

“Do tell!” Mammy murmured in wonder-

ment. "Maybe it's a new Circuit Rider. Or maybe," she added, "it's a peddler man!"

Rufe said nothing.

The stranger rode up near the fence and smiled. He howdied the Pennybackers—and they howdied him.

"Is your name Tom Pennybacker?" he asked.

"Reckon so," replied Pappy cautiously.

"Mine's Dave Hunter," the stranger said. "I spent last night with your brother on Yon Side. He let me have his mule to ride over here today."

Pappy nodded. The stranger went on: "They call me Mr. Songcatcher. I'm making a search in these mountains for old ballad songs. I want to put them into a book so they will not be forgotten."

Again Pappy nodded, and Mr. Songcatcher went on: "Some of these ballads are very old. They were brought from England and Scotland by the people who came to these mountains long ago. I have written down a good many of them: 'Lady Alice,' 'Barbara Allen,' 'Tom Bolyn,' 'The Golden Vanity'—"

Mr. Songcatcher paused. Pappy Pennybacker nodded once more, this time in a much friendlier way. "Good old songs—good old songs, all of 'em," he muttered. "Good songs to sing—and mighty fine tunes to play."

Mammy's face was friendly, too, beneath her old sunbonnet.

Rufe spoke up: "But they're not as good as 'There Was a Little Tree.'"

Pappy laughed. "That's his favorite piece because he can pick it on his banjo better than anything else. It's the first tune he learned to play."

Mr. Songcatcher looked at Rufe.

"Maybe you'd be good enough to play that song for me?" he asked.

Rufe wiggled his bare toes, his eyes upon the ground.

"He's bashful," said Pappy.

"The old cat's got his tongue," said Mammy.

Rufe raised his head and looked at the stranger squarely—looked him smack-dab in the eye. "I'll play you that song and sing it, too," said Rufe.

"Good!" Mr. Songcatcher cried. "I'll count that a favor."

Pappy looked at the sunball and declared it was dinnertime—dinnertime or thereabout. He said they'd go home right away and rest awhile and eat a bite. He invited Mr. Songcatcher to mosey on home with them and spend the rest of the day.

"I can't stay all day," their visitor said, "but I'll be glad to share your dinner, and gladder to get that song from Rufe."

While Mammy warmed up the pot of beans and made hoe cakes for dinner, the menfolks sat in the dogtrot to be out of the way.

Rufe tuned his banjo. Then he sang:

"There was a little tree, the prettiest little tree,
The sweetest little tree, you ever did see.
The tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around,
And the green grass growing all around."

Mr. Songcatcher had his notebook out and was writing in a hip-and-hurry.

"Go ahead," he said to Rufe. "I'll write the words and get the tune by-and-by."

Rufe nodded and went on:

"There was a little limb, the prettiest little limb,
The sweetest little limb you ever did see.
The limb in the tree, the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around, all around,
And the green grass growing all around."

Here Mammy Pennybacker poked her head out of the kitchen. "Dinner's ready—come set your feet under the table," she said.

After dinner was over, the menfolks went back into the dogtrot.

"Now," said Mr. Songcatcher, "what about that song—there's more to it, I suppose."

"Yes, sirree," Rufe wagged his head and took his banjo down.

"There was a little twig, the prettiest little twig,
The sweetest little twig you ever did see.
The twig in the branch, the branch in the limb, the
limb in the tree, the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around. . . ."

A smile curled around Mr. Songcatcher's lips. What comes next, he wondered. He soon found out, however, for Rufe was singing away:

"There was a little nest, the prettiest little nest,
The sweetest little nest you ever did see.
The nest in the twig, the twig in the branch, the
branch in the limb, the limb in the tree, the
tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around. . . ."

Pappy Pennybacker got to his feet and eyed the sunball.

"Time to get back to the corn patch," he said.

"I'm ready," Mammy said, as she came out of the kitchen, tying on her sunbonnet.

Rufe looked up from his banjo with a wrinkle across his forehead.

"There's a right smart more o' that song," he said, looking at Mr. Songcatcher. "It'll take a good while to sing it all. Maybe you better wait till I finish covering the corn. If

I don't do that in a hurry, the crows'll dart down from the trees and pick it up."

"Yes, sirree," Pappy wagged his head. "Maybe," he turned to the visitor with a twinkle in his eyes, "you can wait till we get the corn planted. Stay all night with us and then you can get the rest o' that song."

"Stay and welcome—" Mammy's face beamed beneath the brim of her sunbonnet—"There's beans aplenty left in the pot, and tonight I'll bake corn pone."

"Do stay, Mr. Songcatcher," Rufe begged, "and I'll sing you the rest o' that ballad."

He grinned, and Mr. Songcatcher laughed.

"I'll stay—and thank you all kindly."

"That's fine!" said Pappy Pennybacker. "Sit down and make yourself at home."

"No," the visitor said. "If I stay, I'm going to help you finish that job."

Pappy, Mammy and Rufe all looked a little doubtful. But they agreed to his plan more or less for manners' sake.

They needn't have worried. He might be an outlander man, but Mr. Songcatcher could plant corn. He helped first one, then another. And all the time he was singing, "There Was a Little Tree," under his breath.

When he had sung all he knew of it, Rufe started singing:

"There was a little egg, the prettiest little egg,
The sweetest little egg you ever did see.

The egg in the nest, the nest in the twig, the twig
in the branch, the branch in the limb, the
limb in the tree, the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around, all around,
And the green grass growing all around."

They finished together. Mr. Songcatcher smiled. "I bet I know what is coming first in the next round. It ought to be a bird."

"Yes, you're right," Rufe nodded. "And after that what?"

"Is there *more*?" Mr. Songcatcher asked.

"Oh, yes. The next round starts with a wing—the next with a feather—and the next, the very last, starts off with a flea!"

Mr. Songcatcher threw back his head and laughed.

"That's the funniest old song I've met with for many a day. I'm very glad I have met you, too, Rufe Pennybacker. You'll be hearing from me again one of these days."

Rufe listened with wonderment. He didn't know what to think about this; he didn't know what to say.

Mr. Songcatcher spent the night in the Pennybackers' cabin. He seemed to enjoy the warmed-over beans and the pan of fresh corn bread which Mammy Pennybacker baked.



The men sat in the dogtrot while Rufe sang

Next morning he said good-bye and rode away, headed for Yon Side and places farther.

Time passed, and the Pennybackers heard no more about him.

Rufe often thought of the promise Mr. Songcatcher had made: "You'll be hearing from me again one of these days."

Then one day Uncle Bildad Conley pulled the mail wagon up at the Pennybackers' gate.

Rufe ran out and caught the package the mailman tossed to him.

"It's for you, Sonny," he said.

Rufe was so much amazed, he nearly forgot to say, "Much obliged."

Before he got back into the house, he had the package opened.

"A book!" he yelled. "It's a songbook! I bet Mr. Songcatcher sent it. Yes, sir, here's his name!" And Rufe went on to read:

"'Folk-Songs From the Great Smoky Mountains—Collected by David Hunter'—that's Mr. Songcatcher!" Rufe said.

"Bats and bullfrogs!" Pappy yelled.

"Do tell!" murmured Mammy.

Rufe sat down on the steps with his book and turned the pages over.

"Wonder if my song's here," he said.

He found it by-and-by, all ten verses and the music.

Then his own name flashed up from the foot of a page: "This song was sung and played for me by Rufe Pennybacker, a young music maker from the mountains of Tennessee."

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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

SPRING

The boys play marbles.
The girls jump rope.
There's a buttercup blooming
On yonder slope.

—June Filmer, Sixth Grade, Washington Irving School, Teaneck, New Jersey

India Awakens

War is like a cruel hard winter, full of destruction, which drives the leaves from the trees, the small animals into their burrows, and which makes endless misery with gray days and bitter winds. Peace is like spring, because it releases the growing and creative things; it encourages people to rebuild their ruined cities just as April makes the birds want to rebuild their nests.

Fortunately, just as winter paves the way for spring, so war sometimes brings needed changes in its wake. Forces are stirring all over the world which will spring into action with the coming of peace. Plans, great plans are being made to make this earth a better place to live.

In no place is this more true than India. How is it that the famous "wealth of the Indies" which lured Columbus across the Atlantic has disappeared, leaving India now known for its poverty and famine? The answer is that some people in India have become incredibly rich while others have become incredibly poor. But the hopeful thing about

today is that the very rich are the ones who are seeking to make life better for the very poor. The great factory owners in India, with the approval of the British, are developing plans for bringing the nearly 400,000,000 people out of poverty, ill health, ignorance and misery. How are they going to do this? One big way will be to harness their rivers with dams: the harnessed rivers will give electric power to run machinery; the electric power will also turn the nitrogen in the air into fertilizer; the fertilizer will enrich India's hungry soils so that once again India can grow enough food for its people.

Another way of increasing the crops will be to teach the farmers how to read, so that they can learn about all the helpful new ideas scientists are discovering in regard to food and plants.

Many of these ideas promoted by the leaders of India come from the Western world. Their use of dams and electricity and fertilizer is rather like our development of the Tennessee River Valley. But India has things to teach us in return—things like a belief in peace. Each week our Army Air Transport planes are winging their way to India loaded down with matériel of war. Let us look forward to the day when they can make their five-day trip loaded down with the matériel of peace.

Our Authors and Artists

Roger Duvoisin, who did the cover of this issue showing boys in India playing marbles, Dorothy Lathrop who did the lovely frontispiece design for the Easter poem by Frances Frost, Helene Carter, Victor von Hagen, May Justus—these are all men and women who have either written or illustrated some of the most fascinating and beautiful books for children to be seen in America.

Berta Metzger, Nina Moses, Satya Rai, Madeleine Bryan, F. H. Chrestien—these authors and artists, as you might guess, all know India firsthand, and have tried to bring you a taste of what it's like, through their writing and drawing.

Iantha Armstrong, who did the drawings for "Mr. Songcatcher Comes By," is now art editor of the AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. She has three daughters of her own, all aged eight—they are triplets. She says they like to stand around and watch her when she draws; then they go off and draw by themselves, all three of them, Julie, Joyce, and Jeanne.

Ideas on the March



FOR FIVE YEARS

NOW, American Red Cross members of Lincoln School, Fort Morgan, Colorado, have been exchanging school correspondence albums with members in Chestnut Street Junior High School, Springfield, Massachusetts. A lot of ground has been covered in these albums, as you can imagine, and the boys and girls are beginning to feel like old friends. Handwork, school papers, bookmarks, maps, a flag game, specimens of rock—even cranberry preserves—have been included in the exchanges.

Kewaydin School, Minneapolis, Minnesota, reported in an album prepared for fellow-members in Argentina: "In the month of April we had an auction. We had a ceiling price of fifteen cents per person. Each person was his own auctioneer, and we sold many different articles including 'white elephants,' which are things from home that are no longer wanted. Then there were books, surprise packages, toys, trinkets and so on. We all enjoyed it very much, and would like to have one again some time. Do you have auctions at your school?"

Junior Red Cross members of School No. 5, Clifton, New Jersey, are enjoying their exchange of school correspondence albums with Escuela No. 14 in Santiago, Chile. The latest album from Clifton was planned with an eye for design and color, as well as being



SMOKEY SAYS—

**Care will prevent
9 out of 10 forest fires!**

Smokey's remark is something for you to think about. Wood from our forests helps provide a great many things we need. Houses, railroad ties, paper, rayon, movie films are all wood products. Fruits, nuts and turpentine come from trees, too.

Deer, birds and other wild things are crippled and killed by forest fires. Not only that, their food is destroyed when fire sweeps the ground. Even fish, an important food, especially now in these days of rationing, die in streams made poisonous by wood ashes.

The forests of the United States cover more land than all of France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, the Netherlands and the British Isles. BUT forest fires are destroying 31,000,000 acres of this land every year. Bare ground cannot hold back heavy rains; disastrous floods result.

Helping to prevent forest fires is War on Waste, Accident and Disaster Prevention all rolled into one. Here's a job for Junior Red Cross members to work on NOW.

chock full of information about the community, the school, the pupils and their hobbies. Favorite books were described in an illustrated folder, "Stories We Enjoyed." Favorite radio programs were shown on "radio waves" coming from a page-size microphone.

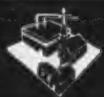
More and more schools taking part in the school correspondence plan of Junior Red Cross are engaging in a "Questions and Answers" game. The Clifton album gave the answers to ten questions about the United States which had been asked by the Chilean members. In the album now on its way to Chile was another group of questions about South America. The questions were asked by sixth-grade members who had been studying about their neighbors to the south.



THERE IS a large and hard-working Junior Red Cross membership in South America. Here are some things that members in Argentina do, according to a recent issue of the Red Cross magazine of Argentina: Sew garments and grow apples for the local relief work of the Red Cross. Mend playthings to give on holidays to children who otherwise would have none. Organize vacation colonies. Purchase orthopedic apparatus for the sick. Support a hospital bed for children. Raise flowers, fruits and vegetables for hospitals and



WAR ON WASTE



COMMUNITY SERVICE



NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL
CORRESPONDENCE

orphanages. Send books, magazines, albums, drawings and jokebooks to hospitals. Make brailled books. Carry on a program of accident prevention. Help to distribute quinine and put oil on stagnant waters to help control malaria and mosquitoes. Help in disasters by making clothing for refugees, collecting food, and distributing both to children of refugees. Clean up parks and gardens. Buy school supplies for those who need them.



IT HAS BEEN FOURTEEN YEARS since Pan American Day (April 14th) was first celebrated in the United States: It is a day to emphasize understanding and friendly feeling among all of the twenty-one republics of North and South America.

Following a study of Latin America, Pan American Day assemblies were held in every elementary school in Pasadena, California: folk songs and dances of the different countries were included on the program.

At an American Junior Red Cross Council meeting held in New Orleans, Louisiana, a sunburst of Pan American flags was used as background. Many members attended dressed in national costumes of South American countries.

Guests invited to attend the Mexican art exhibit planned by members of School No. 78 in Buffalo, New York, were greeted at the door, escorted to the second floor, and there turned over to a guide who explained each part of the display. A luncheon table was set with cloth and napkins designed and made by students. A bowl of Mexican silver filled with tulips served as a centerpiece. A "marketplace" displayed baskets and pottery. Guests were provided with passports and tickets for an imaginary airplane trip, made vivid by pictures. Farther along were drawings and paintings of Mexican life and customs. Mexican articles carved from soap drew lots of interesting comment. An orchestra entertained with Mexican music while girls in home economics classes, dressed in costumes, passed cookies and lemonade.



WHEN American Junior Red Cross members of Kauai, Hawaii, heard that our servicemen in Kalaheo Hospital were having powdered eggs for break-

fast, they planned an Easter gift which they knew would be welcome: A large basket of fresh eggs with a toy rabbit sitting on top. Five schools picked bouquets of flowers for the same hospital, and the soldier patients had a good time making leis to be used at a party for Army nurses. One of the patients was a Hawaiian boy, so he showed the others just how to make the garlands.



KINDERGARTENERS of Roosevelt School, Ann Arbor, Michigan, started seedlings in their classroom and transplanted them later to their Victory Garden.

Seeds and seedlings, too, brought in money for the National Children's Fund to first-graders of the Cassady School in Camden, New Jersey. The children made envelopes and printed the names of seeds contained in each one. Seedlings and cuttings started by teachers, Junior Red Cross members and their friends were carefully wrapped in damp newspapers and then in dry ones so the roots would not dry out. There were black-eyed Susans, dwarf sunflowers, coreopsis, cuttings of English ivy, azaleamums, bergamot, pandanus, petunias, sedums, snow on the mountain, cosmos, dahlia bulbs and so on. They were priced at a penny apiece.

Colored posters were made and displayed in each classroom to announce that the sale would be held in the first-grade classroom. There were four stands, and Junior Red Cross members took turns selling and serving as cashiers. The sale had to be repeated, and when receipts were counted, it was discovered that \$20 had been earned for the National Children's Fund.

Second-graders of Blue Earth County Chapter, Mankato, Minnesota, set up a plant hospital and took in "sick" plants for two cents a day. The plants were treated, watered, and generally "nursed" back to good health. Plants were repotted for five cents each; aphids were removed, too.



THE CHINA-BURMA-INDIA COMMAND is the largest theater of American Red Cross operations overseas. The area covered stretches from the Arabian Sea on the West to the Bay of Bengal and the heart of Free China on the east, Ceylon and



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARE INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

MEXICAN

Three glimpses of the Mexican Exhibit designed, produced and staged by pupils of School 78, Buffalo, New York

the Indian Ocean on the south, and the Himalayas and borders of Tibet and the Soviet Union on the north. In spite of problems of transportation and supplies, the American Red Cross is bringing its services to all military units scattered throughout the area—supplies for jungle posts, even, are dropped from airplanes. Junior Red Cross members of Sargent County, North Dakota, were thrilled to receive this letter from a Red Cross Field Director:

"All the way from India, the American Red Cross sends its greetings and a wish that you Junior Red Cross members continue the good work you are doing. Reading material, including books, is very scarce here. We use the joke, cartoon and comic booklets, which you have made, in our Red Cross Club. The booklets are easy to send to the men in the jungles; and we also send them to men who must stay for six months in lonely hill stations. They are soon worn out. . . ."



JUNIOR RED CROSS MEMBERS OF INDIA do a great deal to help with

FIESTA

Guests were shown around by gaily costumed guides while an orchestra entertained with Mexican music

health programs in their cities and towns,

and often teach villagers the importance of vaccination and inoculation. They take courses in first aid and home nursing, sew for refugee children, and have frequently given all sorts of help in time of disastrous floods. Tens of thousands of bullock shoes have been collected from roads in Madras to help prevent automobile accidents.



LONG BEFORE General MacArthur actually returned to the Philippines, the American Red Cross was standing by ready to offer help in behalf of the men, women and children soon to be released from internment camps. Now Red Cross clothing and comfort articles are being enjoyed by all those in the liberated areas. The children were the special interest of the American Junior Red Cross. Many were undernourished so the first thing the National Children's Fund made possible was the purchase of 52,000 pounds of whole dried milk—enough to make 52,000 gallons. Gift boxes were sent, too, along with 1,000 pounds of hard candy.

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION



How Krishna Brought Peace

Satya Devi

As told to Madeleine Cummins Bryan

Pictures by F. H. Chrestien

WHEN I was a little girl in India, I lived in Kashmir. You may have heard of Kashmir and of the wonderful shawls made there — soft, warm shawls that roll up into fuzzy balls and feel just like little kittens. Srinigar was the name of the town I lived in, and I always thought it was the most beautiful town in the world. Srinigar lay nestled in a broad valley and all around were the towering white peaks of the Himalayas. Little white fluffy clouds as soft

as our Kashmir wool played about in the clear blue sky and at night would hurry home to the great broad mother mountains.

After the clouds had gone to bed, we children came indoors for supper. It was spread out on a long low table with nine small stools around it. At each place was a large glass of milk and a big bowl of cereal with cream and sugar. We were always hungry so that it didn't take long for the cereal to disappear. For dessert



Krishna took the hands of the two chiefs and all three promised to live in peace

we would have "hallwa," a delicious pudding made of ground nuts, cereal and butter.

After supper we would gather in the nursery and squat down on the straw mats while Amah (our word for mama) told us stories from the Song of Krishna. Krishna was a great hero. He was tall and strong and handsome, and every Indian boy hoped some day to be like him, and every girl hoped to marry someone like him.

Krishna was born in a palace, but

when he was a tiny baby, a poor shepherdess stole him and took him to her cottage in the mountains. It was lucky she did carry him away because the King, who was a cruel and wicked man, had planned to kill him.

So Krishna grew up with the shepherdess and her husband; they were very kind to him. At an early age he could run faster than any of the boys in the village and was as strong as a team of oxen. He was also as gentle as a dove,

and was considered the best flute player in all of India. Often he would go out into the forest, and the animals were so charmed by the sweet music that they would gather around him and listen contentedly for hours at a time.

Krishna was loved by everyone. He was loved by the grownups, by the children and by the animals. Even the gentle Moon fell in love with him. Stories about his great strength and about the wonderful things he could do spread all over the country and soon everyone was coming to Mathau where he lived to see him or ask his advice on a problem.

We children never tired of hearing about Krishna's early life and so we did not mind when Mother told it over and over again. But one night I was staring out the long low window at the face of the Lady Moon when I heard my mother's soft voice say, "Satya, would you like to hear about Krishna as a young man and how he stopped the terrible war between the cities of Pandu and Kuru?"

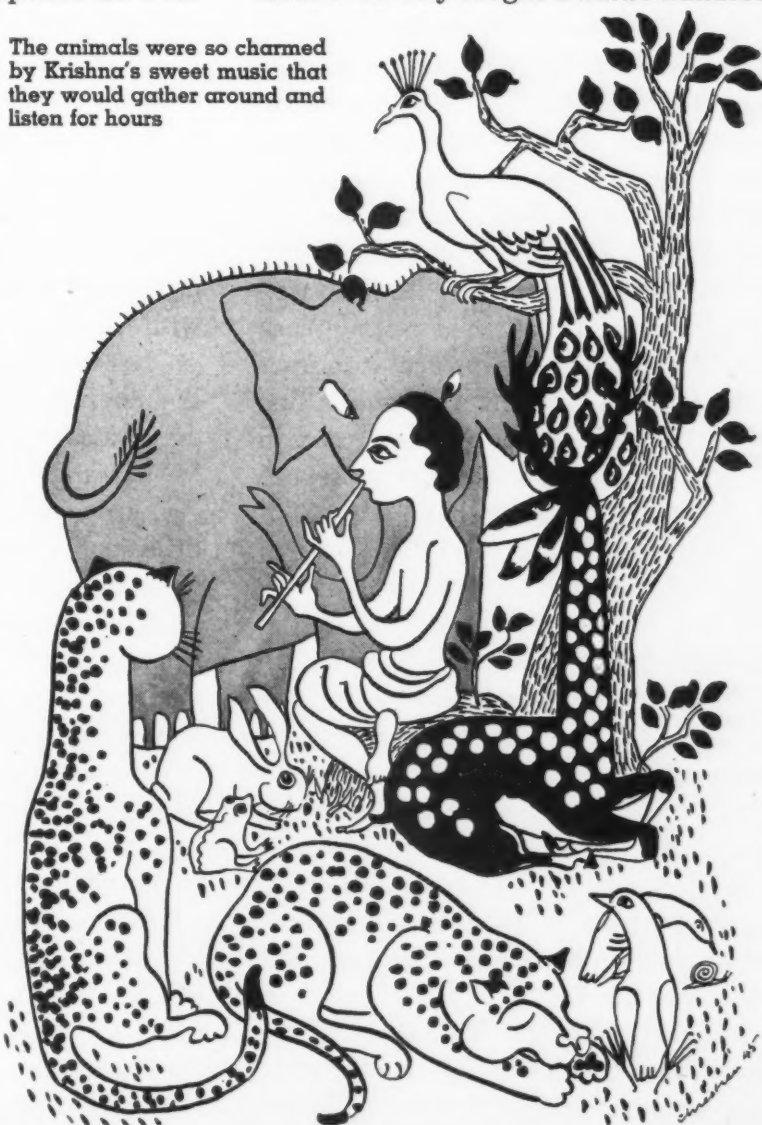
"Oh, yes, Amah. I would like to hear that story. We've never heard that one before."

Mother waited until we were all quiet, and then she began:

"Long before Krishna

was born, there were two cities called Kuru and Pandu. The people of these cities were always quarreling. Many wise men tried to settle the quarrel, but each time someone interfered the fight got worse. At first there were only fist fights, but then each city started training soldiers to send against their enemy city. The soldiers would charge against one another in two-wheeled chariots on an open field between the two cities. Each time they fought a battle hundreds

The animals were so charmed by Krishna's sweet music that they would gather around and listen for hours



of soldiers and horses were killed. Then they trained more soldiers, and these soldiers would ride their chariots right through the streets of the enemy city, and innocent men, women and children would be killed and their homes destroyed.

"Krishna heard about the terrible war between Pandu and Kuru, and it made him very sad. One day he sent a message to the chiefs of the armies of Pandu and Kuru telling them that he would be glad to try to help them make peace.

"Both chiefs were grateful that the great and wise Krishna would come to their city, for they were tired of fighting and wanted peace. In order to gain his favor, the city of Pandu sent a message to Krishna telling him that they had prepared a resting place where he could stop overnight on the way. The resting place was like a miniature palace with rich carpets and a soft silk bed and a fine bath. They also sent their best cook to the resting place and told him to prepare the best things he knew how."

"Then what happened, Amah?" asked our brother Chandra.

"Well, Krishna started out before the message arrived. He set out very early in the morning and put on his strongest sandals, for he knew the road to the cities was hard and rough, up and down steep hills. When it was nearly dark, Krishna came to the Pandu resting place. He was cold and tired and hungry. A little boy neatly dressed in white came out to meet him, joined his hands together and bowed his head.

"'Krishn' Maharaj, the people of my city invite you to enjoy the resting place we have built here for you. A fine meal is waiting. Please, Maharaj, come

in and dine and rest yourself awhile.'

"Krishna liked the little boy and followed him to the resting place. Inside a hearty fire glowed, and he could see the wonderful soft couch with bright red, silk cushions. On the table, steam was rising from his favorite dish of curry and rice. Besides, there were all kinds of cakes and candies, and a great basket laden with grapes and mangos and papayas and all the things he liked. But Krishna knew that if he stayed at the Pandu resting place, then he might not judge the fight fairly for he would keep thinking of all the nice things the people of Pandu had done for him, and would decide in their favor. So he thanked the little boy and walked on down the mountain path."

Chandra looked so very sad when he heard this that Mother quickly went on with the story.

"Krishna had just reached the foot of the mountain when a poor old man came out of a cave and said:

"'Stranger, you seem tired and hungry; pray come into my cave and have a little supper with me, and you may have my grass mat to sleep on!' Krishna gladly accepted the poor man's invitation and went into the cave with him. The old man had some puffed rice which Krishna liked very much, and he had lots of milk so Krishna had a very good supper. Next morning the old man was astonished to find who had been his guest for even he had heard of Krishna.

"Before the sun was very high, Krishna arrived at Puru and went immediately to the field between the two cities where the meeting had been arranged. All the warriors were there, ready to begin battle again if no peace was arranged. Their horses stamped their feet and threw back

their heads ready to race forward at one word from the charioteers.

"Krishna calmly called the two chiefs together and explained to them the things that make for peace—truth, honesty, understanding, cooperation and, above all, love.

"He then asked them to write down the reasons why they were fighting. He waited for nearly an hour and still didn't receive any reply from either of the chiefs. None of the men in the two cities could even agree why they were fighting. He then lay down under the shade of a great banyan tree and fell asleep. When he awoke the chiefs still had writ-

ten nothing down. Krishna then spoke to them: 'If you can't think what started the fight between your cities after all these hours, then the reason was not a very good one to begin with.'

"The chiefs looked very sheepish and ashamed.

" 'And since you have no reason for fighting, then you should stop right away!' added Krishna.

"With these words he took the right hands of the two chiefs, and together all three promised to devote the rest of their lives to peace. From that day till this, those two cities have lived side by side in perfect friendship."

TWO INDIAN STORYBOOKS

Rhamon, a Boy of Kashmir. By Heloiz Washburne. Albert Whitman, Chicago.

The Feast of Lamps. By Charlet Root. Albert Whitman, Chicago.

These are stories about a Mohammedan boy and a Hindu girl, both of whom live in India. The boy lives up in the beautiful Kashmir lake country, where

houseboats are the usual dwellings, and where even vegetable gardens are grown on rafts. The girl lives in a more tropical part of India, where great festivals take place. Both books are richly illustrated by Roger Duvoisin, our cover artist this month.

Yanks in India

Below: American officer talks with headman of village near airfield while children look on. Right: American Red Cross girl shows GIs around Calcutta on Red Cross tour

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

RED CROSS PHOTO BY EMIL REYNOLDS



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA



In the spring, classrooms blossom forth with fanciful flowers, birds and butterflies dreamed up by ambitious Junior Red Cross members. These creations can take the form of cover designs for brailled copies of the NEWS or can be made as favors or toys, to mention only a few possibilities. In one instance, a real flower sale was put on in a New York school. All of these activities, in addition to being fun, can serve real needs. The favors can brighten trays for servicemen in hospitals both here and overseas, and the toys can bring joy to children in war-torn countries



Above, cutout design in an album sent to Collingswood, New Jersey, High School from Escuela Superior "Antonio Torres," Ciudad de San Juan, Argentina



COURTESY OF UTICA OBSERVER DISPATCH

A sale of house plants netted the Baggs School, Utica, New York, \$38 for their Junior Red Cross Service Fund



COURTESY OF SCRANTONIAN TRIBUNE, SCRANTON, PA.

Two proud members of the Scranton, Pennsylvania, American Junior Red Cross, look over Easter tray favors made by their school for servicemen in hospitals



Above, cutout design made of colored felt by Junior Red Cross members of Brighton, New Jersey, for use as a cover on the brailled edition of the NEWS



Erie, Pennsylvania, members made these soft toys in sewing class for children in England



AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



SERVICE FOR OTHERS

For Men in Service—Decide on themes for joke books and books of comic strips. Help one another make good books by trading cartoons, jokes and comic strips. Talk over the jokes as to whether they would seem funny to the men. Talk over what makes the comic strips interesting. Choose only those that will make the best books. Paste them in neatly. Paste pictures of the principal characters on the covers or make up titles.

Remember the best jokes to tell other people. Practice telling them out loud so they will seem funny to others. Have an Animated Joke Book entertainment. Retell the best jokes and act out some of the comic strips.

For Christmas, 1945—Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to find out whether your grade can help NOW with making Christmas decorations for overseas servicemen. **For Nation and Community**—Serve your community and your country through Victory Gardening. Plan your gardens so that there will be new supplies of fresh vegetables all summer for your family.

"Fitness for Service"—Ask

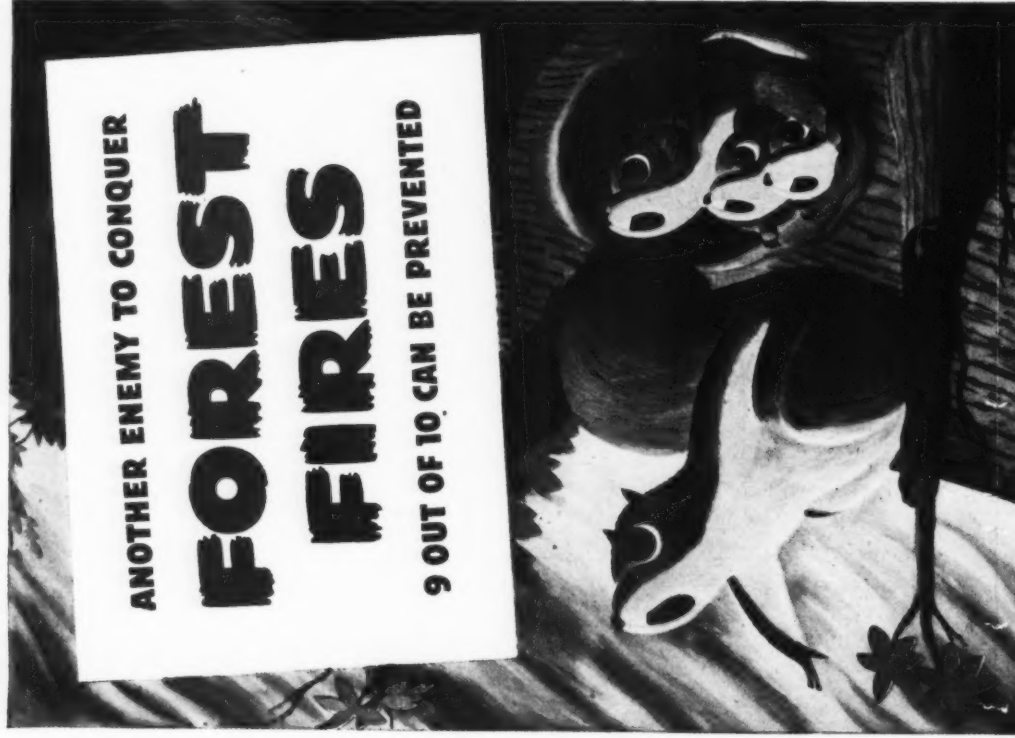
BETTER HUMAN RELATIONS

Near Home—Get acquainted with newcomers in your community through your Junior Red Cross council. If some of them came from distant sections of our country, plan some community event that will give you a chance to learn interesting things about those other sections.

In Our Nation—Help develop better human relations by exchanging school correspondence with other sections of our own country. Plan a simultaneous exchange with another school next fall. Decide on some section you would like to learn about. Talk over interesting things in your own part of the country.

Confer with the teacher of the room you will be in next year. Ask about interesting things that you can collect to illustrate an album. Talk over observations that you can make and ways to take notes that will be useful reminders next year.

With Other American Countries—Celebrate Pan American Day by beginning an album to send a South American Junior Red Cross group before school closes. Include a letter about





Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

family.
“**Fitness for Service**” — Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to find out what community health problems you can help with. Can you pass along information about immunizing little children against contagious diseases? About avoiding spread of colds? About better nutrition?
Can you help provide hand-washing facilities in your school and work out a hand-washing schedule for everybody before lunch?

Make posters on the theme, **HEALTH THROUGH VICTORY GARDENING**: healthful exercise outside, healthful nutrition inside.
Conserving Life—Study danger spots in your home, your school and your community. Where do accidents occur? Make illustrated signs on the theme, **AVOID ACCIDENTS HERE**. Show how to prevent the accident. Place your posters at the danger spots.

Correct hazards by repair work where you can.
Help younger brothers and sisters form habits that will prevent accidents. Draw pictures to explain accident prevention to them. Make up interesting stories to tell them.
Junior high school members may have a Red Cross accident prevention course. Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman.

Red Cross group before school closes. Include a letter about Junior Red Cross work.

With Liberated Countries — Clip from newspapers and magazines reports about under-nourishment among children in countries that have suffered most from war. Hunt for editorials about how our nation can help, through shipping food and materials that will help with farming.

Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman about contributing to the National Children's Fund from your chapter Junior Red Cross Service Fund.

Plan some special project as a way of increasing your contribution.

From past issues of the *Junior Red Cross News*, find examples of things that you are doing through your National Children's Fund to help restore health to children.

- YOUNG MEMBERS, HAVE A CIRCUS FOR THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND. MAKE YOUR OWN COSTUMES. DO ALL THE WORK YOURSELVES.
- WHO WILL BE IN THE BAND?
- WHO WILL BE CLOWNS?
- WHO WILL BE ANIMALS?
- DO YOU HAVE PETS THAT CAN DO TRICKS?
- HOW CAN YOU ADVERTISE YOUR CIRCUS? WHO WILL WRITE LETTERS TELLING ABOUT THE CHILDREN YOU WANT TO HELP?
- WHO WILL WRITE THE PROGRAM?
- WHO WILL MAKE THE TICKETS?
- WHO WILL MAKE POPCORN BALLS AND LEMONADE TO SELL?
- WHO WILL KEEP COUNT OF THE MONEY?

1945		APRIL				1945	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30						

“ANOTHER ENEMY TO CONQUER”
Make a map of your state, marking publicly owned woods, forests, camp sites and parks. Show whether they are the property of your town, state, or federal government.
Ask your chapter Junior Red Cross council to get advice about good picnic places from a forest ranger. Make a map of your county to show good places for picnics or over-night camps. Talk over some important things to look for. Make posters to go with the maps showing ways of preventing fires. When you have a picnic, appoint a special committee to help you be careful about fires.
YOUNG MEMBERS, MAKE UP A STORY ABOUT THE SQUIRRELS. MAKE ONE UP ABOUT THE PICTURE OF SMOKEY IN THIS MAGAZINE.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

Classroom Index

Art:

"Hindu Children Playing Marbles," "Easter in the Woods," other illustrations

Geography:

Argentina—"Ideas on the March"
Brazil—"Bitter Treasure"
Chile—"Ideas on the March"
Ecuador—"Bitter Treasure"
Egypt—"Dark Rivers"
India—"Hindu Children Playing Marbles," "Brahmin School in India," "India Awakens," "Ideas on the March," "Krishna Makes Peace," book reviews
South America—"Dark Rivers," "Amazon Epic"
USA—"Mr. Songcatcher Comes By," "Smokey Says," "Ideas on the March"
Venezuela—"Bitter Treasure"

Health Education:

"Bitter Treasure," "Ideas on the March"

Language:

"Easter in the Woods," book reviews

Music:

"Mr. Songcatcher Comes By"

Nature Study and Natural History:

"Easter in the Woods," "Dark Rivers," "Amazon Epic," "Bitter Treasure," "Smokey Says," "Ideas on the March"

Primary Grades:

"Mr. Songcatcher Comes By," "Krishna Makes Peace"

Units:

American Folk Lore—"Mr. Songcatcher Comes By"
Forest Fire Prevention—"Smokey Says"
Home and School Life—"Brahmin School in India," "Mr. Songcatcher Comes By," "Krishna Makes Peace"
Religion—"Brahmin School in India," "Krishna Makes Peace"
Rivers—(communication, transportation) "Dark Rivers," "Amazon Epic"
War on Waste—"Smokey Says"
Pan American Day—"Ideas on the March," "Dark Rivers," "Amazon Epic," "Bitter Treasure"
Conservation of Health and Life—"Bitter Treasure," "Ideas on the March," "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, Tra-la"

The Braille Magazine

In the picture layout you will notice an example of a cover for the braille magazines sent to schools for the blind.

The braille edition for April includes, from the *Junior Red Cross News*, in braille grade 1½, "Krishna Makes Peace," "A Brahmin School in India," "Ideas on the March," from the *Junior Red Cross Journal*, in braille grade 2, "The Five Ages of Man," "Easter Holiday in Guatemala."

From a Hospital Ship

To the Junior Red Cross, Morey School, Lowell, Massachusetts:

"I thought perhaps you would be interested in knowing where at least one box of the Christmas decorations you made and packed, had reached. The Weder is an army hospital ship now operating in the Pacific and this week we are getting ready to make Christmas just as much like home as possible.

"The posters you made will be put in all wards, mess halls, and lounges, and the Santa Claus sticks, nut cups, and name cards will decorate the tray of each patient when he gets his Christmas dinner. In addition we have real trees to put up about the ship and decorations enough to turn her into a floating home-for-Christmas, and everyone will receive a special gift box from the Red Cross.

"Nothing can take the place of being home in the United States, but your contribution will do more than you can ever realize to provide a pleasant holiday season for us over here.

"I used to teach school so I have first-hand knowledge of the many things the Junior Red Cross does. Believe me, now I am in a position to see how very much those things are appreciated.

"Thank you so much and best wishes."

The U. S. Army Hospital Ship, Emily H. M. Weder, "Somewhere in New Guinea":

Of 3,000 units of Christmas decorations requested for overseas for this past Christmas, 1944, the Junior Red Cross was able to supply only 543. This year there is evidence that we will come nearer to filling the demand but so far it does not seem likely that we shall completely meet the need. This appeal is made in the hope that it will be possible for additional schools to take on a part of the job. Each unit consists of 1,602 items. The quantity demand is naturally for tray and Christmas tree decorations.

Some of these are simple enough for intermediate grades to do well. Some might be done in primary grades with careful supervision; for instance, stars of silver or gold paper, paper chains, and other simple cutouts. The more difficult art work, like original Christmas cards and wall decorations, may not be done below junior high school grades. By planning with the Junior Red Cross chairmen, different schools can cooperate in producing one or more entire units. If every chapter in which there is a Junior Red Cross produced one unit, it would go far to meet not only the demand of camps at home but the overseas need.

A new set of instructions, ARC 1420, is available through area offices. There is opportunity for originality but instructions must be followed exactly on account of packing for shipment. For Christmas, 1945, schools are requested to finish the work by the end of the present school term. Be sure to clear with the area office through your Junior Red Cross chairman.

Planning Your Junior Red Cross Calendar

A Schedule for 1945-46

Arbitrary dates have to be set for completion of certain Junior Red Cross activities. This used to be true primarily of only two major activities: the "Christmas" Boxes and the Navy menu covers for Christmas. Although the Christmas boxes were renamed Gift Boxes, a definite time limit is still set and an effort is made to ship the gifts in time for Christmas distribution. There has been a considerable degree of success. The special project opened this year of filling school supply Gift Boxes was also so scheduled that those boxes might be received by children in liberated countries at the earliest possible moment.

There are minor variations within the different areas for timing those activities which must be arbitrarily scheduled; but by keeping in mind the dates set by national headquarters you can plan your own Junior Red Cross calendar for the next school year in a way that will not interrupt classroom work. The activity should actually reinforce your education aims, by increasing the interest of pupils in their work. The immediacy of purpose is one of the truest incentives for improvement in standards.

These timed activities are:

Christmas Menu Covers for the Navy (limited to junior and senior high school art classes)—**completed by October 15**

Gift Boxes (all grades)—completed in time to reach the warehouses **not later than October 25**

Junior Red Cross enrollment or re-enrollment—**November 1 to 15**

Christmas Decoration Units for Christmas, 1946 (and they will still be needed then) at any time during the year—but **completed by the close of school, 1946**

The American Red Cross War Fund Campaign, March, 1946

For You To Schedule

The major continuous projects are scheduled by teachers to fit in with curriculum planning.

Service to the Armed Forces:

There will always be some emergency calls upon national headquarters which are relayed to area headquarters by telegram or long-distance phone calls and in turn relayed to chapters. Such requests are met most successfully, however, if because of your steady production program, the area warehouses have a reserve to meet these emergency requests. These requests are received for hospital ships, hospital planes, prisoner of war exchange ships, or to meet other equally poignant needs. When Junior Red Cross production goes on steadily, the answer to such appeals never has to be No. The continuing service to the armed forces includes making a wide variety of items in art classes, sewing classes, industrial arts and by special groups.

Soft Toys for War Nurseries:

There is now a fairly stabilized flow of soft toys abroad, chiefly to England. It is hoped that the way will open to extend this service to Europe, but meantime there is an immediate obligation to thousands of little children in English war nurseries.

Soft toys are also used in this country, along with wooden toys, for schools for the blind and for community service of various types.

Covers for Braille Magazines:

There is a continuing need, although it is statistically small, for covers for the braille magazines that go to schools for the blind enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. From 85 to 100 are used each month. Specific instructions about making these, with sample pages of the paper used in the braille magazines to ensure accurate measurements, are available through area offices. This project is good for junior high school or for intermediate grades where art instruction is available.

Community Service:

Many types of community service go on all the time in a good Junior Red Cross program.

Such service includes the War on Waste in which conservation of essential materials and earning money for the Service Fund and the National Children's Fund are combined. Service to institutions within a community is one of the oldest Junior Red Cross activities and should not be neglected because of war pressures. This service is improved by community planning through the Junior Red Cross chairman.

Forest Fire Prevention:

The new program of prevention of forest fires affords opportunity for classroom study as well as active participation in preventive measures and public education.

Conservation of Health and Life:

For junior high school grades there is opportunity for special instruction in First Aid, Accident Prevention and Water Safety. It is also possible for teachers who have had senior courses in First Aid, Accident Prevention, Water Safety, Home Nursing, or Nutrition to apply the instruction they received to their own health education programs for younger grades.

National Children's Fund:

In working for "better human relations" in our own country and throughout the world, the National Children's Fund provides an important opportunity for nation-wide cooperation.

School Correspondence, International and Intersectional:

Participation in Junior Red Cross school correspondence, both intersectional and international, continues throughout the school year. The new plan of simultaneous exchanges within our own country is proving practical. Advance planning will also make it easier to get responses from other countries within a reasonable time.

The Letter Booklets for England have proved popular both with makers and with recipients.

There are more outlets for exchanges with the other American countries now than before and the doors will be opening again for European countries with some new opportunities probably in Africa.

The Junior Red Cross plan for school correspondence gives a motive for much of the learning essential in geography and other social studies classes and gives especially strong motives for the language arts and creative art expression. There is scarcely any area of learning which may not be given deeper motive through such exchanges. Publications available from the area offices will indicate a variety of interesting subjects and suggest relationships to classroom instruction.